lourable and feyned goodwill, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that by such a counterpoynt of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous kidde.

Palinode. Piers.

IS not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When loue lads maken in fresh aray?
How falles it then, we no merrier bene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liuerys bene all to sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasaunce: the grownd with grasse, the Woods
With greene leaues, the bushes with bloosming Buds.
Youthes folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather may bus-kets and smelling briere:
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
And girlonds of roses and Sopps in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
But we here sytten as drowned in a dreme.

PIERS.

For Younkers *Palinode* such follies sitte,
But we twayn bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this morrowe, ne lenger agoe,
I sawe a shole of shepeheardes outgoe,
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere:
Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a Horne pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folkes make such sonplaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend

Of louely Nymphs. (O that I wer
To helpen the Ladyes their Maybu
Ah *Piers*, bene not thy teeth on edge
How great sport they gapnen with l

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,
That their fondnesse inly I pitie.
Those faytours little regarden thei
While they letting their sheepe run
Passen their time, that should be spa
In lustihede and wanton merryment.
Thilke same bene shepeheards for th
That playen, while their flockes be
Well is it seene, theyr sheepe bene n
That letten them runne at random a
But they bene hyred for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they han t
And get all the gayne, paying but a
I muse, what account both these will
The one for the hire, which he doth
And thother for leauing his Lords
When gread *Pan* account of shepeh

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of s
All for thou lackest somedele their d
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then fondly piti
And yet if neede were, pitied would
Rather, then other should scorne at n
For pitied is mishappe, that nas re
But scorned bene dedes of fond foole
What shoulden shepheards other th
Then sith their God his good does
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pl
The while they here liuen, at ease an
For when they bene dead, their goo